THE Reſtor'd Maiden-head.

A NEW SATYR AGAINST WOMAN:

OCCASION'D By an INFANT, who was the Cauſe of the Death of my Friend.

Ye ſpitefull Powers (if there can be,
That boaſt a worſe and keener ſpite than I)
Aſſiſt with Malice, and your mighty Aid
My ſworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead.

Oldham's *Satyr.*

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem. *Horat.*

DONDON, Printed for *H. Smith.* 1691.

THE

Reflex'd Maiden Jean.

A NEW

SATYR

AGAINST

WOMAN:

OCCASION'D

By an INFANT, who was the Cause of the Death of my Friend.

Te Spiritus Pavors (if there can be,
That hast a worse and wrever Spire than I)
Assist with Malice, and your mighty Aid
My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead.

Oldham's Satyr.

DONDON, Printed for H. Smith. 1691.

THE PREFACE.

IT wou'd be almoſt a ridiculous excuſe for a Satyr, that it is rough and undreſs'd, ſince in my Judgment that is one of the principal Characters of that way of writing. At leaſt, what Spencer *ſays of* Love, *is true of* Grief, *that 'tis* nothing nice; *and the more careleſly the* Flowers *are ſtrow'd on the* Herſe *of the deceas'd, the more natural and gracefully they'll appear. Were* I *in a humour to make* Excuſes, *the next ſhou'd be, for ſome ſtrokes here, ſevere enough on the fair Sex; for which they may, if they pleaſe, be angry without weighing the high occaſion: But thoſe who are ſo juſt to do ſo,* I *ſhall be ſo civil to own* I *except them out of thoſe* General Rules *hereafter deliver'd.*

The PREFACE.

As for those concern'd; if they are angry, I'm glad on't; if they rave, 'tis what I desire; and if they hang themselves, 'twou'd be the best action they ever did in their Lives; and, I believe, the only good one. Friends or Enemies *be they, I'll detain 'em no longer in the* Preface, *but finish that, and fall to work on the main business.*

A SATYR, &c.

BRave Man! the Sacrifice of *Female* ſpite, (write.
In *Tears* or *Blood* thy Loud-tongu'd Wrongs we'll
Whilſt ev'n thy *Step-dame England* pities thee,
Whilſt thy diſtracted Mother *Albanie*
Her dear-lov'd Son's untimely Fall laments
His ſudden Loſs, and too-hard Fate *reſents.*
Her Groans are heard to both her diſtant Seas,
From the *Picts-wall* to frozen *Orcades*;
Nor ſhall ſhe Mourn alone, nor ſhall he go
All unreveng'd to th' empty Shades below,
To thoſe vain Fields of Joy which Poets dream,
Beyond black *Styx* and *Lethe's* lazy Stream:
If Innocent *Polixena* muſt fall,
O *Thetis* Son! to attend thy Funeral;
To Free the *Grecian* Fleet with Storms diſtreſt,
And make thy mighty *injur'd Manes* reſt:
More juſtly we to Satyrs rage expoſe
The curſed *Helen*, root of all our Woes:

Her *Fame*, t'appeaſe our murther'd Hero, dyes,
We'll on his Herſe her *Honour* ſacrifice;
All her bewitching Charms juſt Victims made,
Expiring round the Tomb t'attone his ſhade.
Nay, her whole treach'rous perjur'd *Sex* comes in,
Thoſe Serpents made to *tempt* the World to Sin;
Then *damn* 'em, and deſpiſe 'em for't—O why,
(Might we thus reaſon with the Deity?)
Are the leſs harmleſs *Fiends* in Darkneſs chain'd,
While *Woman*, ſubtler *Woman*, free remain'd
To plague the World, yet ſtill as *fair*, as bright
As all their kindred Devils in *Robes of Light*?
Their Sentence leſs, altho' their Crime was more;
They *fell*, yet ſtill as lovely as before.
Through every Street, and Park, and Walk they glare,
As proud and thick as *Dæmons in the Air*;
All ſhapes they take, but all, alike, to vent
Their malice deep, and gloomy diſcontent;
And whom they can't *deſtroy*, at leaſt *torment*.
How bleſt were *Man*, how free from Pain and Vice,
And all the Earth ev'n yet one Paradice,
Had not hard Fate for the *alloy* of Life
Doom'd him to that *Familiar Devil*, a Wife;
Condemn'd to th' *Mines* in that unhappy Ground,
Where reſtleſs *Sprites* are ever hov'ring round.
'Tis true, when firſt the *fatal Contract*'s made,
The ſilly Wretch believes not he's betray'd:

The

The *Tail* between the *Legs* is gently ſlid,
Th' affrightfull *Cloven-Foot* and *Horns* are hid:
Enchanted heaps of *Gold* lie ſcatter'd round
With flatt'ring *Muſick*'s more enchanting ſound,
With *Eyes* which more than *Gold* or *Muſick* wound.
The miſerable Captive hopes to find
A long long happy *Term of years* behind:
Happy as now his haſty Moments move,
Nor wou'd he change his Bliſs with thoſe above.
Perſuade him not--- tis *Envy* gives th' advice,
Think not to cheat him of his *Paradice*;
It mayn't, it can't, it ſhan't be otherwiſe.
But when the Bond to make the Bargain good
Is Sign'd with ſomething more refin'd than *Blood*;
O how th' enchanted heaps of *Gold* decay,
The pleaſure of the *Muſick* wears away,
Or turns to *Yells*; the *Eyes* uncharming grow,
And firy Red, like Cockatrices glow.
The *Angel* fades, the *Hag* and *Wife* appears
All full of hateſull *Wrinkles*, full of Years;
Nothing of Woman left but *Tongue* and *Tears*.
Too late the Wretch repents, he grieves too late
His deſp'rate Fortunes, and his loſt Eſtate,
Deep ſwallow'd in inevitable Fate.

Yet happier He than him whoſe *Plague*'s to come;
For now the worſt is o're, he *knows his doom*.

But what wou'd t'other give his Pain were paſt,
Since 'tis what all muſt come to, firſt or laſt.
Where e'er the *Ludicrous She-Devil* leads
O'er craggy Mountains, through wide watry Meads.
O'er Hedge and Ditch, a weary pathleſs way,
Untaught unbridled Youth ſhe leads aſtray;
She leads, *they follow, and willingly obey.*
One while the wild capricious Fiend delights
To ſcare her trembling ſlaves with ghaſtly ſights;
Is all her ſelf, blew *Poyſon* from her *Breath*;
She ſcatters, from her *Eyes*, Deſpair and Death.
Racks, Piſtols, Gibbets, Daggers them preſents;
And worſe, with Love and Jealouſie torments;
Yet the next moment on the Wretches *ſmiles*,
And with her well-known flatt'ring Arts beguiles.
Beautious as were the *Seraphs* e'er they fell,
And dreſs'd in all the glaring Pomp of Hell.
Thus cheats 'em back to Life with *Fits of eaſe*;
She, when ſhe will, the crippled *Mice* can ſeize.
Their dying Agonies thus, *often*, ſees,
And, lingring, makes 'em periſh by degrees;
Nay, taught by *Italian* Arts, more deep than Hell,
(For *Satan* goes to School to *Machiavel*,)
Makes 'em *ſecure Damnation* e'er they go,
Then Body and Soul diſpatches at a Blow.
For Miſchief theſe about the World ſhe'll ſend;
Makes this betray his *Country*, that his *Friend*.

To

To *Newgate* do's whole ſholes each Month prefer,
And *Bedlam* wou'd be empty but for *Her*.

Woman, there's Ropes and Daggers in the Name;
The *Dregs* of the Creation, Nature's *Shame*:
Yet *This* is worſe than all, if worſe can be;
They're the *Epitomie* of Hell, and She
Is all her Sexes curs'd *Epitomie*.
Poor harmleſs *Infant!* I her Fate deplore!
Fourteen Hands high the Beaſt, nor leſs, nor more;
Scarce *large* enough, alas! to make a *Whore*.
Weak new-ſpawn'd *Toad*, Innocent pretty thing,
Young *Viper*; who wou'd think it yet ſhou'd ſting?
Or *Scorpion* rather, for her Venom lies
Not in her Mouth, (*tho' wide*,) nor in her Eyes:
Tho', like a Baſiliſk's, they the Heart aſſail,
The *Scorpion* bears its Poyſon in its *Tail*;
Where e'er it falls, it *blaſts* and *burns* the Ground,
And ſpreads too ſure Deſtruction all a-round.
Had *Cleopatra's Aſps* on *her* bin try'd,
Sh' had 'ſcap'd, and the more harmleſs *Worms* had dy'd:
Her *Poyſon* of the too had bin the worſt,
And in a moment they'd have *ſwell'd* and *burſt*.
Frail Nature's work, with much ado, contains
The fatal *Venom* bubling in her Veins:

In her swol'n *Veins*, Hells of hot *Sulphur* roll,
Some lustfull Devil supplies the place of *Soul*:
Of nobler *humane* Off-spring name her not,
By salt *Asmodeus* on a She-goat got;
Yet salter than the Linage whence she came;
See how she do's ev'n her black Parents shame;
She's ten-times *hotter* than her *Sire* or *Dam*.
That fair, that false Egyptian *Crocadile*,
Who fix'd her Nets along the Banks of *Nile*;
To fetter Princes in her servile Chain,
And see proud *Generals* wait, and fill her Train;
Who Fate, and Blood, and Murther round her hurl'd,
That fatal *Comet* of the *Roman World*;
By *Cæsar* and lost *Antony* ador'd,
That *Queen of Whores*, her self scarce *earlier* Whor'd.
Tho' in her *Leading-strings* 'tis thought she stray'd;
And e'er she learnt her own, forgot the name of *Maid*.
Nor with the Brand of *Common Fame* content,
She's a *State-Whore by Act of Parliament*:
For tell me that wise *Oedipus* that can,
What is she else, who having *tasted Man*,
Tasted, and gorg'd her self, and pleas'd to th' Life,
Is neither Widow, ravish'd Maid, nor Wife?
This monstrous Sight expos'd to publick view,
An odder, fruitfull *Africk* never knew,

Wou'd

Wou'd raiſe her Fortune ſoon, and make it more
Than thoſe vaſt Sums which *damn'd* her deep before!
Auguſt Aſſembly! might the Muſe preſume
With rude unhallow'd Feet your ſacred Room
T' approach and view, ſhe'd ſearch a-round and try
Where the miraculous ſecret Power did lie;
That Power by which you what you pleaſe effect,
And, like the *Guardian Minds*, above direct
Our Under-World: But as my Reaſon may
Th' Eternal Law givers juſt Dictates weigh,
Before I this believe, or that obey.
As by that Touch-ſtone, which alone h'has giv'n,
T' examin the Credentials ſent from Heav'n.
If I the Royal *Signet* find not there;
If all's not ſtampt with *true*, and *good*, and *fair*;
I muſt not ſay th' Almighty's *Will's* amiſs;
I may, I dare, I muſt—that *'tis not his.*
If this ev'n Heav'n permits, permit me too
For once to hope my Sences are not true;
To hope that only I miſtake not *you*.
Fate cannot what is loſt, the *ſame* reſtore,
Nor all the *Wit* and Power on Earth do more;
What's paſt is paſt—a *W—— is ſtill a W——*.
The nimble God may argue while he will,
Yet ſpite of's Wit, *Sofia is Sofia ſtill.*

How

How long ſo e'er he drub him, ſtill's the ſame,
And keeps the *perſon*, tho' he loſe the *name*.

Poor modeſt Creature! muſt thy wiſh't *Eſcape*
From jealous *Gvardian-Dam* be call'd a *Rape?*
How oft haſt thou bin *raviſh'd* thus before?
How oft the ſame ſweet peal rung o're and o're?
The firſt bleſt Night, by the moſt bleſt of Men,
All Bridegrooms ſuch be ſure are reckon'd then;
How often didſt thou wiſh the ſame agen?
What tickling Pleaſure, mounted to the height,
Swum in thy *fooliſh Eyes* that fatal Night,
And did the eager Youth to thy hot Arms invite?

Thus *Helen* raviſh'd was when *Theſeus* bore
The *willing Plunder* from the *Grecian* Shore:
She cry'd, but *ſoftly* 'twas—quite dumb with fear—
Poor cautious Fool—leſt any one ſhou'd hear.
And when the dreadfull *Warrier* had convey'd
To ſome convenient place the trembling Maid,
She bore, or elſe the Poet ſays not true,
His *amorous Rage* as peaceably as you.
Not her fair Mother *Leda* ſtiller lay,
When *Maſquerading Jove* did her betray.
She ſtroak'd the Swans ſoft plumes, of what came after
Dreaming no more than did her *unborn Daughter*.

She's

She's ne'er the worſe, fair *Helen's Helen* ſtill,
Theſe Fortunes ever may do what they will;
A Bride for *Menelaus* as compleat
As you for the next Plyer in the Street.
But if no Rape's i'th' caſe, 'tis yet confeſt
By all, the Fact was Felony at leaſt.
O Crime, abhorr'd! no ſign of diſcontent;
No leaſt effort the Robbery to prevent;
Surely he ſtole her with her own conſent.
But ſtill the Sages of the Law do fear
That more than *Simple Felony* was here:
Some that 'twas *Burglary* will make't appear.
Their Sophiſtry we know, and right we take 'em,
Where *Doors are always open none can break 'em.*
Others with higher Crimes *Lyſander* load,
'Twas as flat *Robb'ry* as any o'th' Road.
But that he bid her *ſtand*, ſhe dares not tell;
For e're he drew his Piſtol, *down ſhe fell.*
Tho' down ſhe fell ſhe was not baffled quite,
But on all four, like *Venner's* gang, did fight.
Aloud the ſubtle Frigat quarter roar'd,
Till with th' Aſſailant ſhe was board and board:
Broadſide for Broadſide then ſo briskly fir'd,
That, *Man of War* ſheer'd off and firſt was tir'd.
So greedily the hungry Bride fell to,
The Bridegroom's haſte could hardly hers out-do:

She almoſt curſt the *Parſon* to his Face
For bantring 'em with ſuch a tedious Grace:
Her Stomach's patience cou'd no longer hold;
Beſides, ſhe wiſely fear'd the Meat wou'd cold:
Againſt his long good Pray'rs devoutly rail'd,
As the worſt Crimes for which he e're was Jail'd.
But never did that *Tail-leſs Fox* accuſe
For knitting 'twixt 'em both the fatal *Nooſe*:
That curſt enchanted Knot of Hand or Heart,
Death and the P----- alone cou'd part.
Had honeſt *P*----*d*'s loſt abortive Bill
Both Houſes paſs'd, and had the Royal Seal,
With but one ſhort amendment added to't
T' inforce it more, t'had bin without diſpute
(Tell me ye ſhackled Mortals! is't not true?)
The happieſt Law that ever *England* knew:
That thoſe who Natures *Freeborn Subjects* joyn
In Matrimonial Twiſt——————
Loſe all their Rights both Humane and Divine:
(Invent a heavier Sentence he that can!)
At once degraded both from *Prieſt* and *Man*.
Cou'd I believe there was no *After-Doom*,
But all were endleſs ſleep beyond the Tomb,
As *Malmſbury* the raviſht Sparks wou'd tell,
The reſt o'th' Doctrine I cou'd credit well,
And think a *Married Life the onely Hell*.

Then

Then ſay what puniſhment beyond deſpair
Is for thoſe tempting Fiends too much to bear
Who puſh frail Mortals in and leave them there!
Wou'd the kind *Man in black* but go quite through,
And thoſe whom he has Marry'd, Bury too;
The Knot h' has ty'd wou'd he but ſtrait undo,
'Twou'd be ſo very good, and very kind,
We wou'd forget he bound, wou'd he unbind,
And frankly cancel all the Scores behind:
If not, the gentler *Hangman* ſhou'd ſupply
His vacant *Cure*, for eaſier 'tis to die
In one half hour, than rackt with Cares and Fears,
For twenty, thirty, forty tedious years
Hang'd up in Marriage-chains, and hour by hour
Have ſome ſharp rav'nous Wife the mangl'd Corps de-
Who in his Wits at leaſt that wou'd not chuſe [vour.
Before he thruſt his Head in that curſt Nooſe,
That *Matrimonial Brake*, the Bridal Bed,
Whence he ne'er draws his Horns without his Head:
Who wou'd not rather to the World commend,
That brave, that generous, God-like thing---a Friend?
A Friend--- there's every thing contain'd i'th' Name,
A *Second-ſelf*'s too narrow----'tis the *ſame*:
Two Lutes in one Angelick Conſort joyn'd,
Two Bodies mov'd by one harmonious Mind.

Their

Their taſteſull *Joys* exchang'd, but *Joys* alone,
No proper *Grief* by Friends was ever known;
Whilſt they each others bear they loſe their own.
Pure all their *Pleaſure*, noble and refin'd,
It leaves no guilt, nor ſtain, nor ſting behind:
No dirty baſe *alloy* of ſhame or ſin,
Here no unlucky *Sex* comes *ſtealing* in.
Flattery, the greateſt plague by Hell deſign'd
To ruine Mortals, next to *Woman-kind:*
That noble *Link* does neither twiſt nor break,
In Friendſhips Language *things* not *words* they ſpeak.
If one of theſe *can* an ill action *do*
Or *ſuffer* ill, the other feels it too.
Two *Uniſons*, ſo even and ſo like,
This gently trembles if on that you ſtrike:
Like *Leda's Twins*, they ſhare the upper Skies;
This *Sets* in vain while that as bright does *Riſe*.
Rude hands in vain to murder *one* pretend,
A *Friend* is ſtill immortal in his *Friend*.
Kill all or none, ſtab home, or never touch,
One either is too little, or too much.
Tho' bleeding Life one tott'ring Fort forſakes,
Yet to the next a fair retreat it makes.
Can its *untenantable* Corps ſurvive,
And ſtill in the Friends Breaſt is kept alive;

Strengthens

Strengthens his Arm, how weak ſo e're it be
For juſt revenge, and makes him act like thee;
Like thee, thou brave loſt Man, who too near had'ſt learn'd
T' excuſe or ſave thy ſelf, thy Friend concern'd.
Teaches his Muſe to ſtab at every word,
And uſe his Pen as well as thou thy Sword.

Thus, Ah! in vain we our wild Griefs expreſs,
But can't thy miſerable Fate redreſs.
In vain the World thy worth and thee commends,
Stiles thee the braveſt and the beſt of Friends.
What then remains, but with new rage to fall
On that accurſed Sex that caus'd it all.
The Eternal Springs of Murther, Miſchief, Strife,
Th' Inquiſitors, the Racks, the Plagues of Life.
Laſht worſe than *Oats*, tho' yet their backs are ſore,
We'll kindly try to cure old Wounds with more.
If Vengeance can one ſmarter ſtroke inſpire,
And our too juſt Reſentments ſpoken higher,
The angry Muſe have more of Gall or Fire.

What Place, what Cavern ſubtle Nature knows,
Does not hard Fate to the curſt Sex expoſe?
Not only they, while here on Earth rebell,
But make as bad diſturbance ev'n in Hell.

Grim *Pluto* can't his Iron Scepter ſway,
But *Proſerpine* muſt ſtrive to ſnatch't away,
And make the Ghoſts their Soveraign diſobey.
The ſecond place in Hell cannot ſuffice,
By *Styx*, and all her Kindred in the Skyes.
Aloud ſhe ſwears that he or her muſt down,
And as he raviſh'd her, ſhe'll ſeize his Crown.
Euridice, unleſs the Poets feign,
Call'd in at *Hell*, and ſoon return'd again.
Perſwade us, while you will her Husbands Lyre,
Did Pity in infernal Breaſts inſpire,
Who let her fairly to the Skyes retire;
But Ah! the miracles, recorded wrong,
She was redeem'd, not *Orpheus* by thy Song,
If truth were known, more thanks to her good tongue,
'Twou'd *Cerberus* outbark, the damn'd outſwear,
The Snakes out-hiſs, the Fiends no longer dare
Diſcarge their duty while ſhe loyter'd there;
Their uſeleſs pitch-fork now no more avails,
When them with longer Weapons ſhe aſſails,
And far more ſharp, her Tongue, her Teeth and Nails.
At length they ſwore the peace at *Pluto's* Bench,
On ſome Court-day againſt the ſtrapping Wench.
The Secretary did a Warrant draw,
Compleatly ſign'd by *Pluto's* Cloven Paw,

To

To ſend her packing in their own defence,
And for the eaſe of Hell expell her thence.
With much ado, they won her to repair
To the extreameſt bounds of lightſome Air,
But when ſhe found her Husband waiting there;
E're with him ſhe wou'd in Obedience dwell,
She ſlipt his hand, and back ſhe ſunk to Hell.
There ſwaggers as before, ſtill breaks her Chain,
The Furies fret, and *Pluto* raves in vain;
But dares not ſend her packing for his Ears,
O're him and all his Realm ſhe domineers,
The ſame their danger, and the ſame their fears.
Ah poor *Belphegor*---did the black Divan,
Order thee to indue the Form of Man,
To taſte the ſweets and bitterneſs of Life,
And bleſs and double damn thee in a Wife:
So long a Journey they'd done well to ſpare,
They might have found thee an *Imperia* there.
As fit and as compleat for their deſign,
As falſe as fickle, and as proud as thine.

Nor have they peſter'd Earth and Hell alone,
Since from the Sex *Jove* ſcarce ſecures his Throne,
With fear and awe do's his dread Scepter hold,
For reverence of his own Immortal Scold.

Her Tongue outdoes his feebler Thunders ſound
And ſhakes ſcar'd Natures univerſal Round.
His dreadful twy-forckt Bolt not nimbler flies,
Nor Sheets of Flame wide-wafting thro' the Skies,
There is no Lightening like her Hands and Eyes.
Juno does his Illuſtrious Treſſes tear,
Twiſts her long fingers in his Beard and Hair,
And throws the precious Spoils around the Air.
Hence Bearded Comets thro' the Clouds are hurl'd,
And dreadful hairy Meteors fright the World.
Portending Battle, Murder, every Woe,
Poor Sympatherick *Husbands* feel below.
No wonder *Bacchus* does for *India* ſcower,
His Step-dames ſcolding all his drink wou'd ſower.
The thirſty Gods their Nectar hide for fear
Her Voice ſhou'd ſtrike it dead as our ſmall Beer,
And ſtop their Ears, as they did Treaſon hear.
O Emblem of a Wife, as Curſt as Proud,
As reſtleſs, fierce, unconſcionable, loud.
What Cyclops wou'd within her hearing venture,
She out-roars *Mars* as far as *Mars* did *Stentor*,
And with her very whiſpers ſhakes the Center.
Theſe and a thouſand more which ſtories tell,
The Plagues of groaning Earth, of Heaven and Hell;
I'd honour, dote on, Idolize, commend,
Before the Wretch who ruin'd ſuch a Friend,

Nor

Nor ſhall ſhe, tho ſo fain ſhe wou'd eſcape,
And *louder* then before cryes out a *Rape!*
This curſed *Satyr*, this prepoſterous Noddy,
Wou'd worſe than him that's gone *trouble my Body?*
All will not do, he holds her tightly to't.
Rail while ſhe will, ſhe cannot ſtir a Foot.
Is this the *Thing* for which *Lyſander* dy'd?
This *Bubble* of ill Nature, Luſt and Pride?
Since *Fate* foreſaw ſhe was for *Miſchief* born,
Why was ſhe not expos'd to Want and Scorn?
Why did it not thoſe *Weapons* from her take,
Which her curſt *Sex* ſo formidable make?
Well it begun the work, but did not hold:
It gave not *Beauty*; Ah! why gave it *Gold?*
Gold, which ſo high can raiſe the amorous Fire,
And more than *Wine* it ſelf inflame Deſire.
Gold, which like *Thunder* breaks, like *Lightning* flyes,
And pierces deeper far than *Sylvia*'s Eyes.
More fair than the *fair Sex* to give't it's due,
Far the more *laſting Beauty* of the two.
Twenty or thirty Years make Women old,
But who finds fault with *bent Jacobus Gold?*
So ſweet it's Air, ſo charming is it's Smile,
It all the World can with one glance beguile.
Souldiers and *Saints*, and Politicians ſpoile.
A Trap by thoſe beneath about is hurl'd,

First to enſnare, and then deſtroy the World.
And with it go to further it's Deſign,
Thoſe Fiends who watcht it in it's native Mine:
And when they ſally to the under-Skys,
They *Women* leave behind their Deputies.
With ſome they *more* with others *leſs* intruſt,
As they perceive they will to *Hell* be *juſt*,
Or as their ſtock of Beauty, Wit or Luſt.
From two of theſe is *ſcornful Sylvia* free,
As er'e ſhe was from *Faith* or *Chaſtity*;
As over-run with *Goatiſh Lechery*.
Ah! had ſhe been but deſpicably *poor*,
No Wealth nor Quality to *lard* the W----
But for a *Bottle* and a *Supper* ply'd
At Court or Play-houſe, *Fleet-ſtreet* or *Cheap-ſide*;
The worſt ſhe er'e had done, or er'e cou'd do,
Had bin t'have *Clap'd*, an eager Fool or two;
Then ſent 'em home, their *Veins and Pockets* drain'd,
To boaſt of what they *loſt* and what they *gain'd*.
But when the dreadful *Comet* did aſpire
To diſtant Regions, more ſublime and higher,
Near the bright Seat of Elemental Fire;
Her fatal Influences further run,
And more by her betray'd, and more undone:
The more does her Malignity prevail,
The longer down ſhe darts her glittering Golden Tail.

Whole

Whole Nations with one ſweep it bears away
It's ghaſtly *Light* drives back the ſickly *Day*,
Bodeing Deſtruction, Miſchief and Decay.
But ſince, poor wretch, ſhe has bin *wrong'd* before,
Let's uſe her tenderly, for yet ſhe's *ſore*,
And wiſh ſhe never may be *raviſh'd more*.
May that fair *Reputation* you poſſeſs,
Ever remain: ---- Still may the People bleſs
Your Memory, Madam, as they yet have done,
Stark mad for *L*ove and Admiration run,
And wiſh, tho they deſpair t' obtain the grace,
To view a little *nearer* your fair Face,
And get a *L*ook, a Kiſs, or an Embrace.
Supply your Abdicated Drudges room,
Ere ſome foul ſin your nauſeous Corps conſume.

The End.